21

SONGS, AIRS, DUETS, &c.

IN

WILMORE CASTLE;

A COMIC OPERA,

Written by Charlton Hamilton

IN TWO ACTS,

PERFORMED BY

THEIR MAJESTIES SERVANTS,

AT THE

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

Season 1800

THE OVERTURE AND MUSIC,

ENTIRELY NEW,

COMPOSED BY MR. HOOK.

London:

PRINTED BY E. SPRAGG, NO. 38, LONG ACRE,

AND

SOLD IN THE THEATRE.

PRICE ONE SHILLING.

Entered at Stationer's Hall.

Advertisement.

THE preſent Attempt is made on the Ground of plain old ENGLISH OPERA; of which many Productions particularly LOVE IN A VILLAGE, LIONEL AND CLARISSA, ROSINA, &c. were long and deſervedly attractive.—Though very inadequate to his Wiſhes is the *Author*'s Execution of this Deſign, he has the Satisfaction, however, to know, that his little Fabric is entirely wrought of *Britiſh Materials*.—The *Compoſer*, likewiſe, was equally ſolicitous that the *Muſic* ſhould be wholly *native Product*.—In ſhort, the preſent Performance is a humble Effort to keep (if the Expreſſion may be allowed) the Engliſh Opera AT HOME:—Or, in other Words, a faint Attempt to ſupport it, without reſorting for Plot, Characters, &c. to *Foreign Aid*. With this Intention, moſt reſpectfully meant, at leaſt, towards our OWN DRAMA, the Opera of WILMORE CASTLE is implicity ſubmitted to the Candor and Deciſion of THAT AUDIENCE, whoſe Generoſity of Diſpoſition to encourage, never fails to protect, whenever Judgement can rationally approve.

Dramatis Personæ.

General Wilmore, ... Mr. DOWTON.
Mr. Wilmore, ... Mr. MADDOCKS.
Charles Harley, ... Mr. KELLY.
Harry Wilmore, ... Mr. SEDGWICK.
Alderman Marrowfat, Mr. R. PALMER.
Smart, ... Mr. BANNISTER, Jun.
Tunbelly, ... Mr. SUETT.
F . Sentinel, ... Mr. CAUFIELD.
' ond Sentinel, ... Mr. DANBY.
.achman, ... Mr. SPARKS.
Footman, ... Mr. FISHER.
Waiter, ... Mr. EVANS.

Miss Margery Wilmore, Mrs. SPARKS.
Clarinda Wilmore, ... Miss STEPHENS.
Harriet Harley, ... Miss DE CAMP.
Miss Marrowfat, ... Miss TIDSWELL.
Housemaid, ... Mrs. SCOTT.

OTHER SERVANTS.

Scene.....*Wilmore Caſtle and its Environs.*

SONGS, AIRS, &c.

IN THE

COMIC OPERA

OF

WILMORE CASTLE.

ACT I.

QUARTETT.

CLARINDA.

IF the tender Voice of Love
Can your harden'd Boſoms move,
Ope the Gate, and let us go—
Cruel Sentries!

FIRST SENTINEL.

No, Miſs, No!

HARRY.

Or, if Int'reſt can aſſail,
And o'er ſavage Breaſts prevail,
Quick unlock the Gate below—
Take this Money!

SECOND SENTINEL.

No, Sir, No!

HARRY AND CLARINDA.

No, no!—how perplexing—
How cruel and vexing!
But what Joy and what Bliſs,
Would you ſay but—*Yes, yes!*

SENTINELS.

Yes, yes!—would deſtroy us
With thoſe that employ us;
So our Duty we know,
And will ſay but—*No, no!*

AIR.

CLARINDA.

Thou ſoft'ning Balm to ſoothe and cheer
Corroding Grief, and gloomy Care,
Sweet HOPE deſcend with flatt'ring Pow'r,
And ſwift beguile each tedious Hour!

Gay PLEASURE tript on Toe moſt light,
With LOVE all jocund by her Side;
And HYMEN's Torch burnt pure and bright,
But ah! my Swain beheld no Bride!

BALLAD.

HARRY.

I.

Ye Parents, ſevere and unkind,
Can nothing your Tenderneſs move!
Ah no!—for hard—hard is the Mind,
That never was ſoften'd by Love.

II.

What Pangs does the Heart oft endure
In Marriage, which Skill can't remove!
No Money can purchaſe a Cure,
The only Phyſician is Love.

III.

A Bride may with Jewels abound,
Her Hair be with Gems interwove;
But where was a Gem ever found
So bright and ſo precious as Love!

IV.

Her Houſe moſt ſuperbly may ſhine,
Illumin'd below and above;
But, truſt me, a Cottage 's more fine,
When lit by the Torches of Love.

SONG.

CHARLES.

I.

To ſoften Life's Cares—to ſoothe Sorrow's Pain,
And Pleaſure ecſtatic impart,
Kind Heaven ordain'd bright BEAUTY ſhould reign,
Sweet Solace! the Charm of Man's Heart:
Our warmeſt Affections proud to receive—
Our conſtant Attention to ſhare—
When BEAUTY's oppreſs'd, what Man will not brave
Ev'ry Danger to reſcue the FAIR!

II.

Philoſophers boaſt Attractions of Mind,
Illumin'd by Science and Art—
The Pride of MY Strain—a theme more refin'd---
Are Charms that enrapture the Heart:
Such Powers the SEX ſince Heaven thus gave
To bleſs us, and lighten all Care—
When BEAUTY's oppreſs'd, what Man will not brave
Ev'ry Danger to reſcue the FAIR!

Performed after the Air next Page

SONG.

SMART.

Love's a mighty pretty Theme,
For a waking Thought or Dream,
  Feel you Maſter CUPID's Dart?
'Tis a Theme to make one jolly,
Serious, gay, or melancholy---
  Have you got it in your Heart?
But to get a *Shot* of *Lead*—
What is *Love* when I am *dead!*

II.

When awake, Love merry plays
With your Heart a thouſand Ways,
  Won't you CUPID's Pranks allow?
And when winking, leering, ſighing,
And to Sweetheart ſay you're dying,
  Don't you feel you can't tell how?
But to feel a *Shot* of *Lead*—
What's a *Sweetheart* when I'm *dead!*

III.

In a Dream with Humour droll,
Love makes wiſe Men play the fool,
  Shade for Subſtance how they take!
Fancy ſets them briſkly wooing---
Toying, claſping, billing, cooing---
  Diſappointed how they wake!
But to *claſp* a *Shot* of *Lead*---
Pretty *Cooing* when I'm *dead!*

AIR.——HARRIET.

FORTUNE, be not ever blind,
Proud we boaſt thy guardian Pow'r;
Wealth we aſk not, yet be kind,
To thy Vot'ries at this Hour!
O'er Suſpicion's darting Eyes
Fix thy Bandage for awhile,
And as LOVE in ambuſh lies,
Smile propitious, FORTUNE ſmile!

HYMEN, torn ſo late from Thee,
When we ſought thy joyous Shrine,
Happy, let us once more ſee
Thy unſullied Torches ſhine!
Pure Affection warms the Breaſt—
Faithful dwells, devoid of Guile,
Anxious—wiſhing to be bleſt—
Smile propitious, HYMEN ſmile!

SONG.——GENERAL.

'Twas on a diſmal Night,
When ſcarce a Star gave light,
And that Hail came ratling down
With a pepp'ring on my Crown,
That I reſolv'd upon a Matter:
This Matter was of Love;
And I as fierce as Jove:
But my Charmer was lock'd up
At a Caſtle's very top,
Yet I had fix'd to be at Her

II.

A whiſtle then was mine,
My fair One knew the Sign,
And directly to my hopes
Threw a ladder down of Ropes,
When I mount without delay, Sir:
And when I got on high,
And did my Charmer ſpy,
I took her in my Arm,
And deſcended without Harm,
And carried her off—Ouray, Sir!

FINALE.

GENERAL.

When Diſtreſs avows her Name,
Gen'rous let the Tribute be;
Unforeſeen Misfortunes claim
Cordial Hoſpitality.

MARGERY.

Brother—Brother—you are wrong!

GENERAL.

Damn it Marg'ry, hold your Tongue!

CHARLES.---*(Aſide to Harriet)*

Joy, dear Siſter! bright Succeſs
Smiling dawns with promis'd Bliſs.

HARRIET.—(*Aſide to Charles*)

Joy, dear Brother!—happy Stars
Riſe to baniſh Doubts and Fears.

BOTH.

Fortune now propitious beams—
Fancy fills with Rapture's Dreams!

SMART.

Who's now afraid!—'tis not I—
I'm as bold as ever!

FIRST SENTINEL.

Lad, I'll ſpeak t'ye by and bye—

SMART.

To whom?

SECOND SENTINEL.

——————To you!

SMART.

———————————— I quiver!

CHORUS.

Haſte we, now, to taſte the Pleaſure
Unexpected meetings give;
Joy, not dreamt of, is a Treaſure
Hapleſs Strangers oft receive.

.....

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT. II.

AIR,

(Sung behind the Scenes.)

HARRIET.

Softly lulling---ſweetly thrilling---
Is Love's dear---enchanting Strain---
(*Pauſe*)
What a Bleſſing---when poſſeſſing---
Him who proves a faithful Swain!

GLEE.

CHARLES, CLARINDA, HARRY, HARRIET.

Can the Force of Rapture's Lay
Paint the pure---ecſtatic Strain,
When true Lovers, long away,
Unexpected meet again!

Fault'ring Tongue---
Tear-fraught Eye---
Nerves unſtrung---
Burſting Sigh!

No---the Force of Rapture's Lay
Cannot paint th' ecſtatic Strain,
When true Lovers, long away,
Unexpected meet again.

Not performed

DUET.

ALDERMAN.

Ev'ry Man of Weight and Senſe,
Corporation-Conſequence
Full of Dignity allow;
Meagre Starvelings 'ſcape the Eye,
While a FAT Man, paſſing by,
Gains Reſpect and many a Bow.

TUNBELLY.

But a *thin* Man, let me tell ye,
Unincumber'd with huge Belly,
Nimbly ſteps—unclog'd—ne'er baited—
Like an Eel ſlips through a Crowd,
While a FAT Man BIG and proud,
Sticks—is elbow'd—ſqueez'd—and ſweated.

ALDERMAN.

Yet in *Eating* what great Pleaſure!

TUNBELLY.

And from *Tipling* in full Meaſure!

BOTH.

'Tis a Pleaſure quite divine!

ALDERMAN.

Heaven grant I ne'er grow *lean!*

TUNBELLY.

Nor that I grow BIG again!

ALDERMAN.

Give ME Turtle!

TUNBELLY.

——————— Give ME Wine!

SONG.

TUNBELLY.

I.

A Landlord is a ſupple Blade,
He bows to all that come, Sir—
And if he well has learnt his Trade,
He'll drink Wine, Beer, or Rum, Sir—
On his coming—coming—
When the Bell rings.

II.

A Landlord's is a ſweet Employ,
When Gueſts call ſmart away, Sir—
And over meaſure runs his joy,
If they have Caſh to pay, Sir—
On his coming—coming—&c.

III.

But *Bucks* will often lay a Plot
To take poor Landlords in, Sir—
For though they know they've not the *Shot*,
They'll fire through thick and thin, Sir—
On his coming—coming—&c.

IV.

And when they've eat, and drank their fill,
They'll damn, and ſink, and ſcoff, Sir—
"Here, Scoundrel, Waiter!—bring a Bill!"
And when he's gone, they're off, Sir—
With a going—going—
When no Bell rings.

V.

With Loſſes great—Expences high—
We can't but ſmartly charge, Sir—
So, Gentlefolk, accordingly,
Expect a Bill that's large, Sir—
For a coming—coming—&c.

VI.

And now GOD bleſs our noble KING,
And LORDS, and COMMONS all, Sir—
We'll chearful pay each Coſt, and ſing,
If they'll but ſometimes call, Sir—
To hear coming—coming—&c.

SONG.

HARRIET.

Ye Maids, in whoſe Boſom Love holds his dear Sway,
'Tis to you I addreſs this plaintive-ſoft Lay;
Henry's Paſſion for me is faithful and warm,
And waits only Freedom it's Truth to confirm:
My heart tells me this—will you not diſapprove,
That to my dear *Henry*, I whiſper—*I love?*

II.

Ere Fortune had deign'd, from her plentiful Store,
In my Lap, unexpected, ſome Thouſands to pour,
My *Henry* had often his Paſſion profeſt,
And as oft with my hand implor'd to be bleſt:
My Heart tells me this—will you not diſapprove,
That to my dear *Henry*, I whiſper—*I love?*

III.

When my Fortune he knew, I heard him oft ſigh,
And ſaw the big Tear ſometimes ſtart from his Eye;
I aſk'd him the reaſon—he modeſt replied—
Alas! I'm unworthy ſo wealthy a Bride:
My Heart tells me this—now, I'm ſure you'll approve,
That to my dear *Henry*, I whiſper—*I love!*

SONG.

SMART.

I.

No doubt, good Folk, and I pledge my word,
Of a *Cockney* you have often heard;
For he's a nice, and taſtety Lad,
A ſpruce—a ſmart—a flaſhy Blade—
Diſtinguiſh'd by his Gait and Air,
For Cock of Hat, and Dreſs of Hair—
To all polite—
Morn, Noon, and Night,
Bows like a Lord,
And keeps his Word
With any *He*—you e'er did ſee—
Now, what do you think of a *Cockney!*

II.

In Love's ſweet Paſſion who will dare
With him to cope—with him compare!
For a *Cockney* all the Girls admire,
He's ſuch an am'rous ſpark of Fire—
That all he does, and all he ſays,
Gets many a fair One's envied praiſe—
He'll ſigh, and leer,
And cry, my dear,
A lover true
I'll prove to you—
As any *He*—you e'er did ſee—
Now, what do you think of a *Cockney!*

III.

In all the Freaks of Mirth and Fun,
Pray, when was ever he outdone!
For a *Cockney* is a merry Grig,
Will lead a Dance, or hop a Jig—
Will box, or Fence, or play the Wag,
Or drive a Coach, or vault a Nag—
Will ſing and laugh—
His bottle quaff—
A Lad of Merit—
And of Spirit—
As any *He*—you e'er did ſee—
Now, what do you think of a *Cockney!*

DUET.

CLARINDA.

We, like Mates in Spring of Year,
Happy pair'd, dreamt no Diſmay,
When a ſudden Blaſt ſevere
Cruel drove us far away.

CHARLES.

Or, as Riv'lets plaintive move,
Straying from their genial Streams,
O'er rough Pebbles murm'ring Love,
When no certain Union beams.

BOTH.

Yet, auſpicious Chance, 'tis thine,
Oft a forlorn Heart to cheer—
Happy Stars, then, joyous ſhine—
Baniſh Sorrow—baniſh Fear!

FINALE.

CHORUS.

Come, ſweet Pleaſure, Cares are over---
Come---with all thy jocund Train!
Henceforth may each faithful Lover
Ev'ry wiſh and Bliſs obtain!

CLARINDA.

If to Day a Maid in Sorrow
Finds her Lover bold to ſave,
Ladies, ſhould ſhe not, to-morrow,
With her Hand reward the Brave!

Come, ſweet Pleaſure, &c.

CHARLES.

Gallant Lovers, 'tis your Duty,
To defend each fair One's Cauſe;
Champion-Knights of ſov'reign Beauty
Juſtly claim the World's applauſe.
Come, ſweet Pleaſure, &c.

HARRY AND HARRIET.

Now no more ſhall Doubts diſtreſs us---
Diſappointments vex no more;
Love and Fortune join to bleſs us,
Unexhauſted be their Store!
Come, ſweet Pleaſure, &c.

SMART.

'Scap'd all Harm, Gun, Sword, and Sentry,
And ſucceſsful play'd my Part,
Let your humble Servant, Gentry,
Wiſh you Joy with all his Heart!

FULL CHORUS.

Come, ſweet Pleaſure, Cares are over---
Come---with all thy jocund Train!
Henceforth, may each faithful Lover
Ev'ry wiſh and Bliſs obtain!

FINIS.

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